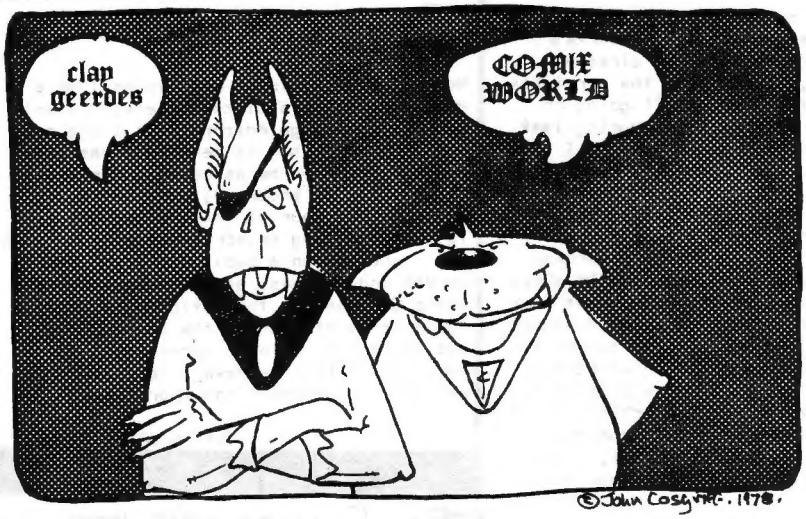

COMIX WORLD 110. Dec. 15, 1978. Copyright Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Subs: $5.50 for 24, $10 for 48. $20 for the first 100 issues. Logo by John Cosgriff whose work appears in the second issue of Brad Foster's FEVER PITCH ($1.50 from Brad at 1020 E. 45 St, #257, Austin, TX 78751).* A brisk December here in Berkeley. The latest funnybooks are STAR WEEVILS, THE WHOLE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE CATALOG, and SPIRIT 19. Tucker Petertil has JUICE CITY 2 for 90¢pp (16 pages). 1636 Bowman, Olympia, Washington 98502. Gary Whitney's WINDY CITY advertised below is an 8-pager (5x7" format on white). Gary's work appears in both issues of BABY-FAT and he's done the cover for the next COMIX WORLD mini-comic out in January.* The Nickelettes, who got it on for us at the first Berkeley Con back in 1973, are now doing their outer space number midnights at the Goodman Building in San Francisco. You can see SPACED OUT on December 16, and 30 for only a couple of bucks. Git over there and rub noses (or whatever) with the Nicks. It's at 1115 Geary Street, just off Van Ness.* Jeff Unger's STAR DIARIES premiered at the Mabuhay Gardens on December 6, 1978. The material was adapted from the work of Stanislaw Lem. Singing, dancing, and satire. Info 421-4733.* And how come I wasn't on the guest list for the $1000-a-head opening night shindig for SUPERMAN in Washington, D. C.? I listened to SUPERMAN faithfully on the radio every day at 5:15 when I was a kid. In those days he was still related to a grasshopper "able to leap tall buildings with a single bound." How come? Well, SUPERMAN was adapted from GLADIATOR, a novel by Philip Wylie (1930). In that book, a scientist shoots up his pregnant wife with a mixture of insect fluids, giving his son all of the qualities of those insects. Hugo Danner winds up with the strength of an ant and the legs of a grasshopper and in the first stories drawn by Joe Shuster telling the origins of Superman there is a panel of our hero comparing him to a hopper. For Superman's extra-terrestial origin, Siegel and Shuster "borrowed" heavily from two other works by Philip Wylie and Edwin Balmer, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE (1931) and AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE (1932). These three books are the origin of superheroism as we know it today. Flash Gordon was adapted word for word from the hero of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, and naturally the material in BUCK ROGERS OF THE 25th CENTURY and BRICK BRADFORD came from the same source. Siegel and Shuster were into sci-fi in 1932 in that Cleveland high school, not Neitzsche, so you critics have a good time comparing Superman to Neitzsche's ubermensch, but you're off the track.* At the Peanut Gallery in San Rafael (747 B Street), you can see Pat Ryan's paintings and drawings--the WOUNDED KNEE MEMORIAL SERIES. Through December. 453-9936 for info.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Clay Geerdes
12-15-78

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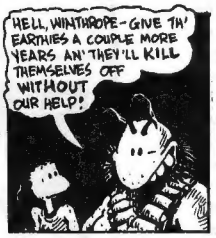
STAR WEEVILS



In J. Michael Leonard's first solo comic book, STAR WEEVILS, a colony of space bugs invades Earth. Some light ecological and political satire. It was Harrison Cady who introduced the first insects to the comic world. Fleischer and Disney followed.

SAN FRANCISCO ~

Here it is, gang, the news from the Kook Kapital of the World--ain't that somethin'? All those people putting down San Francisco like that as though there wasn't any violence, murder, and mayhem in their own towns; as though the character of San Francisco wasn't partially determined by its function as a big tourist ghetto--after all, it's not the native San Franciscans who keep the topless clubs and the encounter parlors and the pornographers in the bucks; nope, it's you Midwestern dentists and doctors and GM-workers who come out for vacations. And violence? Well, San Francisco can't hold a candle to Detroit or Chicago or New York; besides, you probably have more violence in your own home than the City has. It all depends on how you look at it. As for the gay scene, well, let me tell you a little anecdote. A few weeks ago I watched a couple of lesbian mothers discussing their trip on Phil Donahue's show which originates out of Chicago. During the show, a 75-year-old lawyer got on the phone and was arguing about it being morally wrong for these two women to raise those kids because they would give them a propensity toward becoming homosexual. He was upset with Donahue for giving them a forum to proselyte their life-style. The kids were all there and the lawyer wouldn't even let them have their say in the matter. Now no one made what I think is the crucial point in such an argument. We may be moving into the era of artificially-inseminated test-tube babies in the 1980s but it's for sure that all of the homosexuals now alive on this earth are the progeny of heterosexual marriages, not of homosexual marriages and since that's the hard reality maybe we ought to be worrying about hetero marriages instead of gay ones. What's true is that since the advent of organized Gay Liberation out here in California gays from all over the country have migrated here to make their homes and we now have two distinctly gay ghettos in San Francisco, Polk Gulch and Castro Valley, both of which are, incidentally, quite popular with the tourists who dig watching anything that is colorful and in motion. The presence of all these gay folks and their up-front political stance (a yearly march on June 26, and frequent political statements) has been severely upsetting to the straighter blue collar population of the area, which is logical. After all, if you grew up thinking it was quite proper to go out and "beat up a queer" for your Saturday night recreation, you're not likely to see gay people as anything but victims even if you leave your rural origins and move to the city to work. Hence the murder of an up-front gay organizer like Supervisor Harvey Milk by an ex-cop ex-Supervisor who represented a blue collar neighborhood in San Francisco is only the tip of an iceburg of latent hatred. In the wake of Milk's death, gays did not react with violence, rather they held a Memorial service for him and started a fund to finance a march on Washington next 4th of July, a project suggested by Milk on a tape he left to be read in the event of his death. I wouldn't want to give you the impression that things are peachy-keen in the wake of these assassinations, because they're not. I've heard a lot of hate-talk on the streets around Berkeley and San Francisco, some of it directed toward the gays, some toward the straights, and it's a conflict that isn't going to be resolved for a long time. During last June's gay parade in San Francisco, I heard a number of marchers chanting "Gay Civil Rights or Civil War." A speaker said that gays numbered over 27 million Nationwide and more were coming out of the closets every day. I recall corresponding with a young reader of COMIX WORLD a few years back who had become upset over one of Rand Holmes' gay stories and burned the comic. "I just don't think queers are natural," he wrote, after I suggested that Rand had as much right to draw a story about homosexual activity as other artists had to draw about heterosexuality. From my observations here on the West Coast, I would say we're in the center of a serious social change and the energy in and around the Gay Movement has the intensity of that which infused the Civil Rights Movement circa 1962. Given the fact that the conservatives have now assumed control in San Francisco, I can only predict serious conflict in the coming months. C. G.

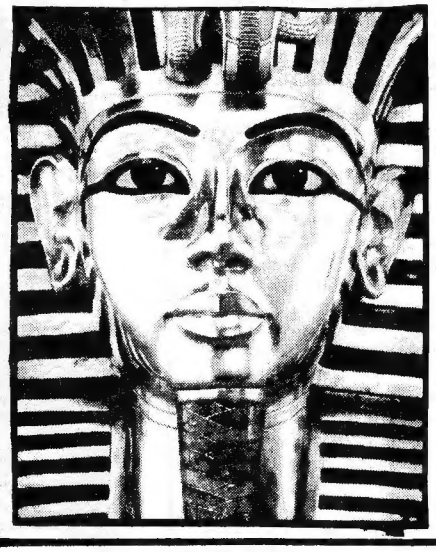
GEORGE MOSCONE

Not being an employee of City Hall or a member of San Francisco society, I didn't know Mayor George Moscone, but I did meet and photograph him on several occasions and he impressed me as being a man without a trace of snobbery, one as willing to talk to a tourist in Union Square as to some visiting celebrity bopping through San Francisco on a publicity tour. The warmth and openness of this man was a sharp contrast to the uptightness and egocentrism of many of the people I've had to deal with in my career as a reporter; it is that relaxed friendliness I will always remember and appreciate.

CLAY GEERDES

TOM FORCADE 1945-1978

Founder of the Underground Press Syndicate
%
HIGH TIMES



WOMEN'S LIT

Women writers have moved into the avant-garde in the American seventies and while there are a lot of feminist polemics around masquerading as novels there are also some excellent studies of the feminine world. THE WOMEN'S ROOM qualifies as a great novel in the tradition of Lawrence and Henry James, a powerful study of the interconnected lives of a group of women college students. There are no holds barred in this major work by Marilyn French. Mira and Val stand out as heroines in their struggle to survive in the intricate social and intellectual world of Harvard. Men are often the villains in THE WOMEN'S ROOM, but when they are the reasons are quite clear and at no time does author French violate her narrative by having them do things they would not, in fact, do. Val, the witty intellectual cynic who decides to arm herself after the brutal rape of her teenaged daughter in Chicago, is destined to be a major figure in the women's fiction of this time. This is a heavy book, sincere and powerful from beginning to end. I recommend it to all of you without reservations. C. G.

I don't know where you get your facts of life, but I get mine out of the Daily Californian, the student paper here in Berkeley. The DC is currently running a column called "Between the Sheets" that gives you all the graphic details of a good skin flick in pleasant easy-to-read academese. The segment for Tuesday, December 6, 1978, was all about oral sex & I read it while eating my daily combination banana-chocolate frozen yogurt cone at Yogurt Park. A woman friend was with me and we found the Daily Cal so inspiring we hurried through our yogurt and raced home to try out some of those "recipes".

You know Berkeley's a college town--30,000 students strong (& drunk)--which means that most of the active population is transcient. For the fat cats who run the chic boutiques, it's money in the bank with a fresh market every semester. For the newcomers who stand around with their eyeballs hanging out at the dealers and junkies and professional street people who populate the Telegraph Avenue scene it's weirdsville for about a week then routine. For the sophomores, being far out is taken for granted, and the juniors spend most of their time hustling teaching assistantships and readerships and grants-in-aid so they don't really tune anything in at all. The emotional climate of the town is controlled by the campus schedule. During finals, everyone is down and the entertainment scene lulls. You can cut the anxiety with a knife. Over the Christmas season, Telly is covered with street hustlers selling everything from ceramic pottery to dyed t-shirts. Some of the goods are actually made by the people selling them, but a lot of the stuff is mass produced. It's all hustle. There's a guitar player on every block singing sexist folk songs and an empty doorway is a rarity. Blown-out speed freaks in from the mountains or desert where they fled the tac squads in the late sixties stand around the triangle at Dwight and Telly and talk to themselves in strange tongues as dope deals go on around them. Give Gold this Christmas. Turn on your Mom. Boo will do. Someone is always preaching. There are as many Gods as people in the air. Jesus will save you on the steps of the Student Union Building.